

**"TripleX"** — the safety glassFOR POSTAGE RATES  
SEE FRONTISPIECE

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2246

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
July 12, 1944



**Cerebos**  
The "finest" salt

**M'VITIE  
&  
PRICE**

Biscuits of Highest Quality

IT'S CLEAR  
**NICHOLSON'S GIN**  
IT'S GOOD



**PARIPAN  
ENAMEL**

"The more you wash it, the better it looks"

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE  
**PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON**

**ROSS'S**  
BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
TONIC WATER  
LEMONADE

will be in the 'rounds'  
of the best circles

**Drambuie**

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.  
12 YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Supplies are now very limited, but are distributed as fairly as possible amongst Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants throughout the United Kingdom.

**HIGHLAND  
QUEEN**



Grand  
Liqueur

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD - Leith, Edinburgh  
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

For  
sweet breath  
& pearly Teeth

**Euthymol**  
TOOTH PASTE  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL**

INSURANCE LTD.  
CORPORATION, **L**

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1





Drawing by J. Hart

**My Goodness—My GUINNESS**



# THE TATLER

LONDON  
JULY 12, 1944

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2246



Marcus Adams

## Lady Petre and Her Son, John

The wife of Lord Petre was before her marriage in 1941 Miss Marguerite Hamilton. She is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Ion Wentworth Hamilton and of Mrs. Hamilton, of Westwood, Nettlebed, Oxon. Her son will be two years old in August. Lord Petre is serving as a lieutenant in the Essex Regiment. His home is Ingatestone Hall, Essex, and during his absence Lady Petre runs the home farm of 200 acres and the estate, as they have no agent. She breeds pedigree shorthorns and Suffolk horses





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Climax?

ONE can doubt that we are now approaching the decisive stage of the war. Within the next six or eight weeks battles will be fought which must fix the course of events. I don't mean by this that the war will necessarily end as quickly. But I believe that victory can be made absolutely certain within this comparatively short period of time. There are optimists, some of them occupying high positions, who are of opinion that a German collapse is at hand. Once more we hear that Germany is at last beginning to face a serious oil shortage. We were told this when the war had barely begun four years ago; and those who so loudly made the assertions then were proved wrong. There must be some significance, however, in the fact that the synthetic oil plants of the enemy are receiving regular attention from Allied bombers.

## Rot

OIL shortage would certainly be a contributory, if not a primary, cause of collapse in this highly mechanized age. But I am more concerned with the actual battle fronts which are developing so dangerously for the Germans. Can they withstand the pressure now being imposed upon them? Only time will give the answer to this question. I expect the Germans to fight harder now than they have ever done. They are a martial race. They still see something glorious in war, even though it has bitten deeply into their civilian life as never before. There is every incentive to make the Germans fight harder. They know—or their leaders should know—that they have kindled such a legacy of hate that to continue to do battle is a forlorn but their only hope.

## Parallel

ALREADY parallel events of the last war have been passed in this. The Germans are fighting on three fronts. They are fighting well. There is as yet no sign of rot, which is why I think that we must wait some weeks longer before we can finally assess the chances of victory. Victory this year? The breath-taking advances of the Russians to and beyond Minsk are remarkable feats. It is difficult to imagine that even the Russians anticipated that they would advance towards East Prussia with such speed. The Germans must have had a plan for protecting East Prussia, and the vital town of Minsk. Frederick the Great was able to allow, or to accept, the presence of invading armies on German soil in the seven years war because he had several trump cards in his hands. While the battles raged with varying degrees of success he was able to play off one power against another and complete a series of diplomatic alliances which eventually saved him. Hitler has no such chance. He has not a friend in the whole world. General Franco's minions continue to raise weak cries in favour of a negotiated peace, presumably on behalf of Hitler, but these find no echoes in Allied countries. It is a fight to a finish. Hitler must face this fact.

## Gambler

HAVING studied Hitler's career carefully I am convinced that if he has his own way—this is an important proviso—he will fight to the bitter end. He will not give in. All his life he has been gambling with big chances, not necessarily because he is a gambler. It seems that he really believes in his own lucky star or his destiny. In the early days of the Nazi Party those around Hitler never imagined

that one day they would have the power of life and death over the people of Germany. They talked as though they did, but it seemed almost impossible to the saner men. Even Hitler is said to have been surprised when at last he got power. I repeat, that if Hitler has the chance he will gamble on a turn of destiny's wheel saving him and the Germans, who still look to him for their salvation.

## Nerves

IT is a big question whether in the last resort Hitler will be allowed to hold on to power. He has always urged his followers to keep their nerves taut and strong. He believes in the strength of his own nerves, which is remarkable for a man so seemingly erratic and emotional. I have always thought that the emotional part of Hitler was largely play-acting. But though Hitler may keep his nerve, there are other people in Germany who must view the immediate future with something



*C.-in-C. South Atlantic*

Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Lindsay Burnett was appointed to his present post in March. He was in command of H.M. cruisers which played an outstanding part in the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* last December



*The Deputy Supreme Commander in Normandy*

During a visit to Normandy, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder (right), Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, was photographed with Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham and Air Vice-Marshal Harry Broadhurst



*The King of Yugoslavia in Italy*

King Peter, accompanied by M. Subashitch, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, visiting the Italian front as the guest of Gen. Alexander, was received by Gen. Sir Harry Maitland Wilson (left), Supreme Commander Mediterranean Theatre, at Advanced A.F.H.Q.





### The Prime Minister Sees Anti-Flying Bomb Defences

Mr. Churchill made a six-hour tour of gun sites in Southern England, and saw guns and fighters in action against flying bombs. Mrs. Churchill was with him, and is seen talking to Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command. In the centre is Subaltern Mary Churchill, the Prime Minister's youngest daughter

a lot of faith in this first secret weapon. They calculated on creating bitter hatred and smashing our morale. Obviously, they were not able to use it at the strength they had originally planned, which is fortunate for us. When it was launched we were more adaptable in our defence methods than they expected. Thus the advantage which it was necessary for them to gain in the first forty-eight or seventy-two hours was lost. The flying bomb has become nothing more than a nuisance. It is not a military weapon, and Hitler must know that he cannot win the war with it.

### Visitor

It seems fairly certain that President Roosevelt will come to London this summer. In Washington they say that he would like to make the journey, and that plans are already being made in London to receive him. He is assured in advance of a most enthusiastic welcome. Life is strange. Young Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, came to London with President Wilson at the end of the last war.

### Retirement

THIRTY-FOUR years is a long time to spend in the House of Commons, and it must have been with deep regret that Sir Samuel Hoare resigned his seat. Although never a brilliant debater, he was competent and in a long period of service he had many battles and not a few triumphs. Probably the India Reform Bill was his biggest achievement. He piloted this controversial measure through the House of Commons against the most determined opposition of the present Prime Minister. Having received a viscountcy from the King, it is obvious that Sir Samuel plans to remain in Madrid as Ambassador for some time.

### Elevation

WHEN Lord Halifax undertook the onerous responsibility of the British Embassy in Washington, in succession to the late Marquis of Lothian, he stipulated that he should be allowed to return to England at the beginning of each August to spend a few weeks on his Yorkshire estate. On receiving an earldom from the King, Lord Halifax told an American audience the other day that his wife was the only woman he knew who had changed her name four times and remained married to the same man. . . .

akin to alarm. They are the generals, the bankers, and the industrialists. Some of them, if not all, played their part in putting Hitler in power. Now that they see ruin facing them, are they going to stick by him or get rid of him? This is another question which nobody can answer. It is more than a matter of passing interest that gold bars are being exported to German legations in neutral capitals. It may be true that money talks!

### Paris?

GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER is speeding his way to Florence. Is it too much to anticipate that General Sir Bernard Montgomery will, in the course of a few weeks, find himself in Paris? A lot has been said about the horrible June weather the troops had to endure. Undoubtedly, it was the worst known for years, and this has caused people to say that Hitler's luck still holds. But there is one aspect of those June days for which we should be very thankful. The landing in Normandy might have been postponed if

stronger hands had not been at the helm. If the landing had been put off from June 6 it is conceivable that we should not have been able to mount the invasion even by now. A delay of this kind would have had repercussions on the Russians, and would have led to all manner of complications.

But Hitler has not got all the luck. The fact that the early Allied casualties were much lighter than was anticipated enabled us to have in front of Rommel at the right moment more men and certainly more material than he can have bargained for. When the weather did break badly on the beaches the troops were not as seriously situated as they might well have been. Since then General Montgomery's hand has been strengthened considerably and the testing battle cannot be long delayed.

### Bombs

GREAT events in Normandy dwarf the dangers and the inconveniences caused by the flying bomb. There is no doubt that the Germans, in their distorted outlook on civilization, put



### General Montgomery and His Chief of Staff

Maj.-Gen. Sir Francis de Guingand's appointment as Chief of Staff Operations of the 21st Army Group was announced not long ago. He has previously been Chief of Staff to Gen. Montgomery in the Eighth Army, and this photograph shows them before the push into Tripolitania. Maj.-Gen. de Guingand was recently awarded the K.B.E. for services in Normandy



### The Second Army's Commander Holds a Conference

Lt.-Gen. Sir Miles C. Dempsey (centre), commanding the British Second Army, recently held a conference at his Normandy H.Q. Lt.-Gen. J. T. Crocker and Lt.-Gen. G. C. Bucknall are seen with him here. The Second Army is a new formation, built up over a long period specially for the second front. All British troops in France are part of it



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Highbrow Goes To War

By James Agate

WRITING some time in the nineties Mr. Shaw said: "Whoever has been through the experience of discussing criticism with a thorough, perfect, and entire Ass, has been told that criticism should above all things be free from personal feeling." But, of course! I frankly admit that all my criticisms are personal to me. Meaning that I am totally indifferent as to whether anybody else agrees with them or not. I am willing to allow the same liberty to other critics; with the reservation that if I find myself agreeing with ninety per cent of their opinions I deem them to be good critics, whereas when I disagree with ninety per cent of their criticisms, which happens often, I know them to be bad critics. The right of free speech carries with it the obligation that such speech shall be for the ultimate benefit of mankind. Obviously a man must not be allowed to get up in Hyde Park and say that he approves of murder, arson, rape and the like, though he may genuinely think so. Similarly no intellectual should be allowed to print even in the smallest of Bloomsbury's highbrow sheets that Shakespeare was a fool of a playwright. I do not mind his holding so asinine a view. But if he does he must not be a dramatic critic. I would say further that a critic who finds himself disliking something approved of by the vast majority of educated people is under the obligation to look into himself to discover the cause of his dislike.

OF course it is possible that there is no cause, that the dislike is just there like my distaste for caviare and pimentos. In that case a wise critic will recognize the existence of a Blind Spot. And at once all is well, provided the spot is a spot and nothing more. I should never willingly read another word by a man who wrote Shakespeare down an ass. (Do I hear somebody murmur "G.B.S. and Shakespeare"? The answer is that Mr. Shaw denounced Shakespeare as a donkey on the Shavian plane while hailing him as a stupendous genius on his own.) On the other hand, I should continue to read a critic who professed himself able to see little in Marston and less in Etherage; though I should prefer him to put it that Marston and Etherage were doubtless excellent playwrights who happened to be two of his blind spots.

I HAVE now arrived at the point when I can declare with some approach to safety that one of my blind spots in the theatre and cinema is the American playwright Maxwell Anderson. *Winterset*? Alas, I did not see *Winterset*, or don't think I did, though I have a recollection of

a picture with Burgess Meredith groping about in a fog. This, of course, may have been *Winterset*, about which film I have one other curious observation to make. This is that I have asked at least twenty frenzied admirers of Anderson what the play in general and the film in particular was about. And not one of them has been able to give me the vaguest idea. Indeed, I am left with the impression that it was all rather like the duller waterside scenes of *Our Mutual Friend*, with lots and lots of high-falutin' philosophy. I daresay I am entirely wrong, and I can only hope that the manager of, say, the Classic Cinema will take steps to lighten my darkness.

MY dislike of Anderson dates from my visit to New York in 1937 where everybody was acclaiming his new play, *High Tor*. Here are two entries from my diary:—

May 15. On the way to Atlantic City I read Maxwell Anderson's *High Tor*. I must be careful about this one, to which even the *New Yorker* is respectful. It is a poetic fantasy. The place is the top of a mountain, the time the present, the weather Macbeth's, the *dramatis persone*

mostly dead, the medium blank verse, and the plot a jumble of Barrie's *Dear Brutus* and *Peter Pan* and Susan Glaspel's *The Verge*, except that Anderson's characters have toppled over. I doubt very much whether it is my cup of tea.

May 19. In the evening *High Tor* at the Martin Beck Theatre. Defeat with heavy slaughter. The difficulty is to see this play through American eyes, which I suppose one ought to do. As an Englishman I am now certain that it is high fudge interlarded with bleak, totally unfunny humour. I don't boggle about the fantasy part of this play—high-falutin' is the same all the world over. It is the comic interludes which strike me as inexpressibly dreary.

I shall never forget the last act in which two company promoters suspended in steam-shovels talked hot air.

THEN came *The Masque Of Kings*, which showed how good a playwright Anderson can be when he allows himself to get off his high horse. About this play I wrote that there was "no room for it among Shaftesbury Avenue's tittertraps about twittermice."

THE next play by Anderson was some measureless nonsense entitled *Wingless Victory*. This was all about one Princess Oparre, an intense young woman who began life prancing about Malay battlefields and ended it spouting blank verse.

IT will be gathered, then, that I went to *The Eve Of St. Mark's* (Odeon) in a mood of complete prejudice. I found the film, which is all about some soldiers in the Philippines, as to the first half dull and lifeless. Did its lay-out preclude high-falutin' on Anderson's part? Yes, but he got one of the characters to deputize, a boring fellow with an infuriating habit of quoting slabs of poetry in a voice which sent my hands to my ears, so unpleasant was it. About three-quarters way through, the film and the audience woke up simultaneously. Should a handful of soldiers save their skins or stand by a forlorn hope? This was sincere and moving, as also were some telepathic sequences between the hero, his mother and his sweetheart. If the rest of the film had been on this level this picture would have been a notable one. But it just wasn't. Let me insist that the foregoing is a personal view. I have no doubt that this picture will bamboozle the highbrow critics over here as *High Tor* bamboozled the highbrow critics in New York, who awarded it one of those prizes they are always dishing out for the best play of the year. I challenged them about this at a luncheon party they gave in my honour, saying in my bluff British way that I regarded the play as a fake. Whereupon George Jean Nathan, giving me what I understand is called a "mean" look, said: "Individually, James, we all agree with you. Collectively, when an American dramatist goes highbrow, we think it's up to us to do something about it. For all we know, *High Tor* may not be the hokum we all hold it to be. But we can't be certain and it's as well to be on the right side." I don't pretend that these were George's exact words, but I will swear to the gist.



Bing Crosby as the Singing Padre in "Going My Way"

In Bing's latest picture which has its premiere at the Plaza Theatre tomorrow, the 13th, he co-stars with Rise Stevens, famous contralto of the Metropolitan Opera. The film is the story of a young priest, Father Chuck O'Malley, and his efforts to bring popularity back to his impoverished and deserted church. Bing trains the toughs of the village into an excellent choir and, with the help of an old girl friend, Jenny Linden (Rise Stevens), they tour the country raising money for the church and finally re-establishing it as an integral part of the village life



# "Passage To Marseille"

Humphrey Bogart in a Modern  
Adventure Story of Sea and Air



Three convicts in the dreaded Devil's Island camp seek to escape in order that they may help France in her fight for freedom. Grandpere, an ex-convict, helps them (Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, Vladimir Sokoloff, Humphrey Bogart)



In a flash-back we are told the history of one of the convicts, Matrac, Fighting French journalist, imprisoned for his opposition to the appeasers at the time of Munich. With Matrac is his wife Paula (Michele Morgan, Humphrey Bogart)



The convicts are picked up at sea more dead than alive by a French freighter. On board are Major Duval, a professional soldier who suspects the men of being convicts, and Captain Freycinet, French liaison officer (Victor Francen, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre)

## ● Passage to Marseille

which opens at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on Friday next is a modern adventure story adapted for the screen from the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Convicts from Devil's Island, escape by sea, shipwreck, mutiny and the final conquest of right over might follow according to tradition. With Humphrey Bogart, who stars as Matrac, a Fighting French journalist, are Michele Morgan as his wife, Claude Rains as a French officer, and Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine, Peter Lorre and George Tobias as Matrac's fellow convicts



The ex-convicts all join up. Matrac himself is a member of a bomber crew. He loses his life over Berlin, leaving behind a letter to his son. "Remember this," Paula reads, "France lives. Vive la France"



When the surrender of France is announced, the freighter changes course for England. Duval objects and leads a mutiny in an attempt to gain control of the ship and make for Marseille. The mutiny fails after bitter fighting amongst the crew, and despite a concentrated German bombing attack the freighter reaches England safely



# The Theatre

"Madeleine" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

By Horace Horsnell

SINCE Euripides launched his Phedra on her stage career in 428 B.C. (wasn't it?) that ill-fated queen has not lacked sisters in histrionic misfortune. Nor has baleful Aphrodite failed to provide French dramatists with themes and heroines to demonstrate her power. Jean-Jacques Bernard, author of this curious play, might almost be regarded as the modern French apologist of women ill-starred in love. He is a sensitive, impressionistic writer. While his themes are apt to be tragic, he works, so to speak, in water-colour rather than grease-paint, preferring shades of character and subtleties of spirit to downright passions and cataclysmic events, and the calm before (or after) the storm to lurid blood and thunder. He is no sensationalist, but builds up his picture by hints and implications rather than sheer assertion.

*Madeleine*, an English translation of *Le Jardinier d'Ispahan* written in 1939, is his latest play and has just been produced at the Hammersmith Lyric. While well presented



Germaine, rejoining her husband after three days in Paris, finds him changed. Her suspicions are aroused by the behaviour of Lucie the maid (Ninka Dolega, Jeanette Tregarthen, Charles Deane)



Lorin is the old family friend to whom both Madeleine and her mother turn in trouble (Lawrence Hanray)

Moreover, he is a well-meaning bore. She will have none of him.

These openly expressed objections to Robert cloak secret ardours. Her fancy has already been captured by Daniel, the sailor brother of the housekeeper, who came home from the sea during Madeleine's absence in the country, and now employs himself about the garden. He is all that Robert, physically, is not.

Seeing him for the first time from her window, Madeleine is so deeply smitten that, when presently she learns that Germaine, her adopted sister, loves and is to marry him, she

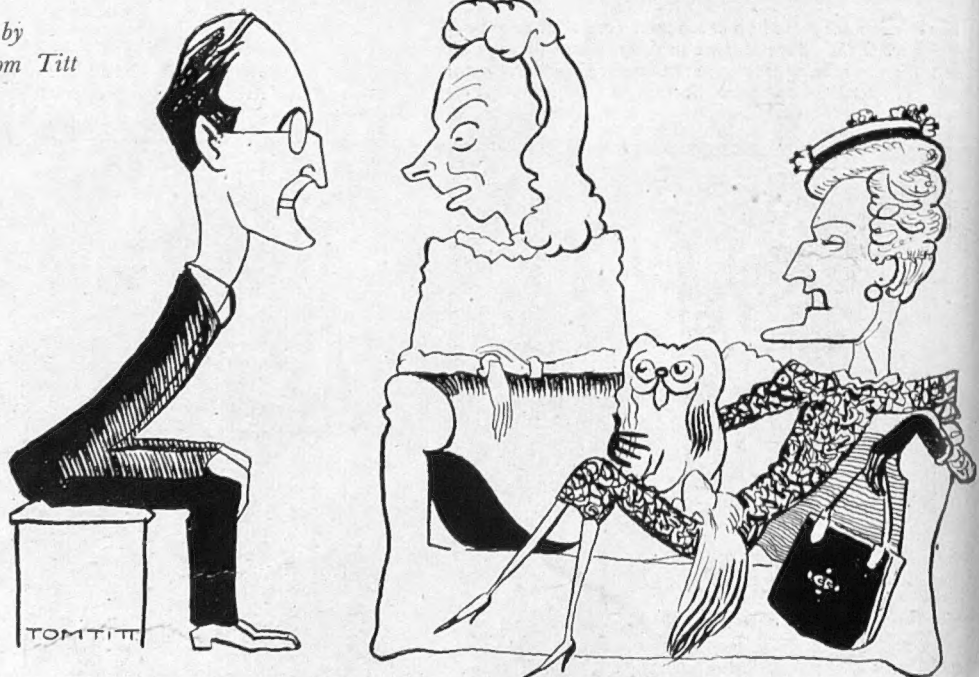
hysterically revokes her objections to Robert, and falls in a faint to the floor. Thus is set somewhat violently in motion the machinery of a plot that, while subtle in implications, seems clumsy in contrivance, and stands no nonsense from atmospherics when a narrative page has to be turned or a curtain is due.

A YEAR passes. The scene shifts to the country. Madeleine is married to Robert, Germaine to Daniel, but neither is destined to live happy ever after. Madeleine's fates and furies have taken charge, and force her to behave unspeakably. Before the household moves to the country, Daniel is sent on ahead to open up the house, and Madeleine sends with him a pert slut of a parlourmaid who can be trusted to succeed with him where the more carnal temptations of St. Anthony failed with the hermit. Having thus broken poor Germaine's heart, who in despair commits suicide, Madeleine adds remorse to her other miseries. And since the play needs a final curtain, ambushes Daniel in the gloaming with a paper-knife stiletto, meaning to stab, but, like the ivy, clings.

If that were all, the play might be sympathetically dismissed as less than first-rate Bernard. Fortunately, however, Madeleine has interested a good actress, Miss Pamela Brown, who deeply interests us. She may not make Madeleine plausible: she does more by making her exciting. Her acting transcends mere realism. It is ardent and imaginative, subdues incoherencies in the characterization and irradiates its revelations. She commands tenderness, can exult as well as storm, and without inviting pity, shows where pity may lie if the spectator cannot withhold it.

Associated with Miss Brown is Miss Mary Hinton, whose unemotional poise is an ever-present help in time of mystification, and keeps Madame Landier nicely balanced between English good form and French tarradiddles. Mr. Lawrence Hanray correctly administers the bromides of the old family friend; Mr. Charles Deane substantiates Daniel's simple bovinity; and, in a beautifully considered and sustained study of Robert, Mr. Peter Copley endows the humdrum, the worthy, and the kindly with the virtues of faith, hope and charity. Though the play is no masterpiece, it is well worth seeing for these good actors' sakes.

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt



Torn by jealousy of Germaine's married happiness, Madeleine allows her mother, Mme Landier, to marry her off to Robert. The marriage is doomed from the start in spite of Mme Landier's efforts to help the young couple (Peter Copley, Pamela Brown, Mary Hinton)

and unusually well acted, it is not an easy play to understand. The heroine is a young middle-class Frenchwoman obsessed by two furies: fatal love for her adopted sister's husband, and morbid concern for her dead father's memory. The characters are few but pertinent, and the play itself has Euripidean affinities in Madeleine's unavailing struggles against fate.

She is twenty-three, and lives with her mother in a fine house overlooking the Bois de Boulogne. Madame Landier, a fashionable Parisian, has her own secret past, and wishes to see Madeleine successfully married. When we first meet them, Madame Landier is emphasizing to Madeleine the virtues and advantages of Robert as a husband. He is rich, devoted, blameless in character, but, as Madeleine points out, of somewhat discouraging physique.





At the invitation of husband Charles (Nicholas Phipps), Elvira, the ghostly apparition of his first wife (Penelope Ward), proves her presence in the room to wife No. 2 (Joyce Carey)

## Blithe Spirit

Now in Its Fourth Year

● Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* has now entered upon the fourth year of its London run, and for the fourth time another young actress has taken over the part of the ghostly heroine, Elvira. The part was created by Kay Hammond, who was followed by Judy Campbell and Betty Ann Davies, and is now succeeded by Penelope Ward. This is Penelope Ward's first important stage role, her earlier successes having been chiefly in films such as *The Demi-Paradise* and *The Way Ahead*. Also in the new cast at the Duchess Theatre are Joyce Carey, Nicholas Phipps, Beryl Measor, Julia Lang, Moya Nugent, Martin Lewis



The Enchanting Vision Which is the Ghostly Spirit of Elvira

Photographs by John Vickers



A minor tragedy occurs when Edith, the maid (Julia Lang), is made aware of Elvira's presence in the house. Elvira is enjoying "life" and is dancing by herself to the gramophone



Ruth, as the result of a motor accident, joins Elvira "on the other side." Charles seeks the help of Madame Arcati (Beryl Measor) in getting rid of his two troublesome ghost wives. "For God's sake," says Ruth, "don't let her throw any more of that garlic about. It nearly made me sick the last time"



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Famous Regiments in France

To His Majesty, who naturally is familiar with the names of all the British divisions fighting in France, the gradually increasing list of identifications released by Supreme Headquarters must read rather like a retrospect of his own diary for the early months of this year, for every British formation now in battle across the Channel was visited by the King in that long series of Army visits lasting until just before "D" Day, though none of them could be described by name or number until battle was joined.

One whole day of His Majesty's Army inspections was devoted to the famous, "Ladies from Hell," otherwise the Highland Division, the gallant 51st, whose presence in the Normandy battle area has now been officially revealed. For this visit, the King abandoned his usual

uniform as a Field-Marshal, and wore instead the kilt and bonnet of the Cameron Highlanders, of which His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. It was on this occasion that the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, motoring out from town, met the King in the afternoon at the officers' mess of a famous Scottish regiment, where they took tea before going to see the massed pipes and drums of the Division play the Retreat as a fitting conclusion to the day.

Her Majesty is herself also Colonel-in-Chief of yet another Scottish Regiment—the ever-famous Black Watch, and on this day she wore the regimental brooch in diamonds, given her by the officers of the Black Watch when she assumed the Colonelcy.

### Commander-in-Chief Norwegian Army

His many friends in London are delighted at the news that Crown Prince Olaf of Norway has been appointed by Royal decree of his father, King Haakon, to be Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Army until liberation comes to lovely Oslo, and a Cabinet Council can be held in normal surroundings to review the position.

Crown Prince Olaf's own inclinations are much more in the direction of the sea than in the land, for his absorbing hobby in peacetime was yachting, and he is one of the best amateur helmsmen in the world; but his father, whose habitual wear is the blue uniform of a full Admiral, is head of the Norwegian Navy, and the appointment of the Crown Prince to the active command of the ground forces is a recognition of the great services he has given to the Norwegian cause during his exile in England. The Prince, who was educated at Balliol, is as much at home in English as in his own tongue, for English was in daily use at the Norwegian Court in the days of his mother, Princess Maud of Great Britain. His principal amusement in London in recent months has been to visit the cinema, slipping in, sometimes with his father, sometimes alone, to one of the West End houses, where he is scarcely ever



P. J. A. Baines, a Winchester player, had his family there: Col. and Mrs. Baines and their daughter



O. J. Cockshut and P. Mansfield opened the Winchester batting, making, respectively, 118 and 77 runs



Lady Bruntisfield went to see the match, and was escorted by her youngest son, the Hon. Robin Warrender



Mrs. Myrtle was talking to H. E. Webb, the Winchester captain. He made 43, not out

recognised by the crowd or by the attendants. He ranks as a full General in the Norwegian Army, and has more than an amateur's knowledge of military affairs, for he spent several years as a young man working his way slowly up the military ladder, without special promotion, to the rank of colonel.

### The Fly Fishers

THE Fly Fishers, those sociable experts with the delicately cast line, whose hospitable club celebrates its diamond jubilee this year, have appointed a new chairman in the person of "Bartimeus," otherwise Paymaster Capt. Lewis Ritchie, Press Secretary to the King, who has been doing duty now at Buckingham Palace for several weeks. Capt. Ritchie is himself a fly-fisher of considerable repute and skill, and can spin a yarn as dexterously as he can land a fish, so there is promise of good fellowship and witty conversation when the fishermen meet.

A few days before his appointment to the Club office, Capt. Ritchie had the misfortune to lose most of his possessions by enemy action. He himself and his wife escaped without injury. His new duties at the Palace leave him scant leisure for writing fiction, and it may be some time before we see anything more from the fluent pen of "Bartimeus"; but while he was

(Continued on page 42)



John Dashwood had his mother, Lady Dashwood, with him. He is her younger son





Miss Diana Landale fetched some chairs with G. H. K. Myrtle, a Winchester player who did not go in



Mrs. Bibby was with R. K. Studd and his sister. Studd caught two Eton batsmen and bowled a third



Major Bevil Rudd, famous International runner, and Mrs. Rudd saw their two sons play for Eton



O. Fiennes was Eton's twelfth man. He is seen here with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart-Grey

## A Drawn Match

### Eton and Winchester Cricket XI.s Met at Eton on July 1st

Winchester declared at 310 for four wickets, leaving Eton three hours to get the runs. Cockshut and Mansfield, Winchester's opening batsmen, scored 195 between them. C. C. Hely-Hutchinson and White saved the game for the Eton XI., after two wickets had gone down for 44. There was a good attendance of parents and friends to watch the play



D. R. Guard had three visitors to see the match: his father and mother and Mr. Hornby



Major Lord Cromwell and Lady Cromwell were with their only son, David. Lord Cromwell is in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and was wounded and taken prisoner in 1940



R. McPherson, another Winchester player who did not go in, was with his father, Col. McPherson





**Mrs. B. H. Malyon**

The widow of Capt. the Hon. Arthur Grenfell was married in March to Capt. Bryan Herbert Malyon, 10th Royal Hussars. She is the only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady James, of Irehill, Cornwall



**Lady Mabel Brooke**

The wife of Lt. Richard Brooke, Scots Guards, and daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden, works at the War Office. Her husband, Sir Richard Brooke's only son, is a prisoner



**Mrs. Anthony Norman**

W/Cdr. Anthony Norman's wife works for the Red Cross in London. She was formerly Miss Anne Watson, and her husband is the younger son of the late Sir Henry Norman and the Hon. Lady Norman

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

serving on the staff of Admiral Cunningham, during the First Sea Lord's spell as C.-in-C. Mediterranean, part of his job was to record the history of the sea warfare in that theatre, and the second half of the resultant volume, *West of Malta, East of Suez*, has now been published.

### A Racing Engagement

MUCH interest has been caused in racing circles by the announcement of the engagement of the King's trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, to the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil. Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, who had always been considered by his friends a confirmed bachelor, has trained many famous winners at Freemason Lodge, Newmarket. These include the winner

of this year's Oaks, owned by that very good American patron of Capt. Boyd-Rochfort's stable, Mr. William Woodward. Mr. Woodward has won many good races in this country, including the One Thousand Guineas of 1933 with Brown Betty, and the St. Leger, in 1930, with Boswell, both trained at Freemason Lodge. Among other famous winners trained by Capt. Boyd-Rochfort are Royal Minstrel, winner of the Eclipse Stakes 1929; Loandingdale, winner of the same race in 1933; Seminole, Enfield, Double Life, and Sun Castle, also a St. Leger winner. Recently, on the death of his elder brother, Capt. Boyd-Rochfort inherited the lovely family estate in Ireland, Middleton Park, in County Westmeath.

Mrs. Cecil, who shares the racing interests of her future husband, is the widow of the Hon. Henry Cecil, Lord Amherst of Hackney's younger brother, whom she married in 1938, and who was killed with our Paratroops in North Africa in 1942. She has four small sons; the eldest, John, is five, and the two youngest, Henry and David, who are twins, were born

last year after their father had been reported missing. Mrs. Cecil has the uncommon Christian name of Rohays; she is the only daughter of Major-Gen. Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys, whose lovely home in Scotland has some of the best stretches of salmon fishing in the country.

### People About

INSTEAD of being the deserted ruin of German propaganda, London is full of entertainments, and people to enjoy them (in their spare time). If the new Sadler's Wells ballet, *The Spider's Banquet*, is hardly up to the standards of this brilliant company, *Promenade* and *Hamlet* in the same programme more than made up for it. Among the audience, and dining out later on, was Major John Montagu, who regularly occupies the same stall at the ballet. With him was Mr. Ian Lubbock, who was in *An Ideal Husband* until it came off last week.

Lady Ursula Vernon was a lovely luncheon-out wearing a hat with flowers; Sir Campbell Mitchell-Cotts was to be seen talking to Miss

(Concluded on page 56)



Photographs at Bagatelle by Swade

### Viscount Forbes Gives a Dinner-Party in a London Restaurant

G/Capt. Lord Forbes, A.F.C., R.A.F., entertained Lady Bridget Poulett to dinner one night. He is the Earl of Granard's elder son, and holds the Polish Cross of Valour

Other guests of Lord Forbes the same night were Lord Winster, Lady Brownlow and Col. J. H. Alms. Lord Winster, created a Baron in 1942, was formerly Mr. R. T. H. Fletcher



## Five Women in Uniform

Photographs by Harlip,  
Swaebe and Yevonde



**Mrs. P. T. G. Lynden-Bell**

Mrs. Lynden-Bell, a subaltern in the A.T.S., is the wife of Lt.-Col. P. T. G. Lynden-Bell, The Buffs, and daughter of the late John Black and Mrs. Black, of Kenwood, Bexhill-on-Sea. Her husband, only son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Arthur Lynden-Bell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and of the Hon. Lady Lynden-Bell, is a nephew of Viscount Chilston



**Mrs. Frank Bellville**

**Mrs. Robert Ducas**

Two sisters, Mrs. Frank Bellville and Mrs. Robert Ducas, are both working for the American Red Cross in Great Britain. They are daughters of the late Capt. Herbert Stourton, O.B.E., and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, cousins of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and nieces of Viscount Southwell



**Miss Kit Misa**

Miss Kit Misa is a motor-transport driver in the A.T.S. She is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, and is a granddaughter of the late V. P. Misa. She has a brother serving in the Grenadier Guards



**Miss Althea Murray-Philipson**

Miss Murray-Philipson is a V.A.D. She is the only daughter of the late Hylton R. Murray-Philipson, of Stobo Castle, Peeblesshire. Her father was M.P. for Twickenham, and a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AT Oxford recently a distinguished architect, Mr. Goodhart-Rendel, described the famous village of Broadway (Worcs.) as "stuffed" and "absolutely airless under its glass case," which is strictly accurate, yet only one aspect of this beauty-spot. Our own feeling about Broadway is that it is Sc. I., Act I. for a West End musical comedy in perpetual rehearsal.

We first got this eerie impression while drinking a pint in ye Lygon Arms, which we still suspect to be the joint work of those eminent stage-artists the late Aubrey Hammond and the Harker Brothers, though they always denied it. The beer was real enough, but the whole *décor* felt as if Evelyn Laye had just finished a lyric finale (about Love, maybe) through open casement, R., and exited, L.C., for lunch. Naturally, the fact that lovely Mary Anderson, Shakespeare's own Rosalind, Queen of the Late Victorian stage, lived till recently at Broadway, and that Barrie frequently played cricket there, materially assist this atmosphere. We've never been behind the façade of Broadway. We're told that anybody who does falls base-over-apex over ropes, props, floats, ties, battens, and a complete Schwabe-Hasait lighting plant. The rude four-flushers of the hamlet look a bit jaded, as if expecting a visit from C. B. Cochran.

As for Mr. Goodhart-Rendel's equally accurate footnote about the way the Office of Works "mummifies" historic abbeys, what does he think the Whitehall boys think abbeys are for? Monks?

## Jape

SAUSAGES are to be meatier, the S Min. of Food boys announce, none too soon. And by a happy coincidence the Sausage Joke, standby of the British comedian, is just about celebrating its centenary, we find.

Why the Sausage Joke came to these islands with the Prince-Consort, a gentleman, and not with the First George, a typical Boche, is curious. Probably the Island Race was too shamed and angry over George I. and his two principal mistresses, a gift from the Whigs, to think about jokes. The fatter of these rapacious girls, indeed, got in wrong with the hostile Piccadilly mob right away by bawling from her coach window, "We haf gom here for your goots!" which was utterly accurate. Anyhow, it was Albert the Good's arrival in '18 which caused London streets to ring with songs and quips about German sausages, and what would B.B.C. variety be without them to-day?



"I never mention the war to Roscoe. . . .  
he worries about things like that"

## Bouquet

NOBODY else in the world considers the sausage comic, so far as we know; least of all the Basques and Catalans, who owe it so much. That small, tight-packed, garlic-flavoured Pyrenean sausage called *salpichon* has saved more lives of men wandering among the peaks of the dreadful Encantados (which are haunted by devils) and the Maladetta than all the St. Bernard dogs created, and probably no food on earth contains more nutriment and restorative power to the square inch.

The Joad of the sausage world, in fact, as admirers of that oracle will agree; especially those who can stand upright and form articulate sounds.

## Yup

AT Christie's the other day a 5 ft.-by-4 ft. canvas by Sir John Millais, R.A., entitled "Yes" and sold for a thousand guineas in 1894, fetched forty. In our unfortunate view a little easy touching-up to suit modern taste would have meant a much better price.

The picture is that of two Victorian lovers temporarily parting. The blushing girl says "Yes" (in modern language, "Yup," "Yuh," or "Oke"). A few brush strokes by any of the smarter Chelsea boys could effect the following obvious improvements:

1. The girl's features are diamonded red, green, and puce, à l'arlequin, and she has only one (elliptic) eye. Her south-western half is square, ending in a croquet or boss of synthetic ivory.
2. The young man, doped, holds in one hand, threateningly, a piece of old bicycle, in the other, a half-gutted cod. His face is black.
3. An aureole of tram tickets, bits of glass, half-boiled Brancusi eggs, and iron filings surrounds both.
4. Behind the girl's left shoulder is a Japanese postman with elephantiasis smashing up a foreshortened cocktail bar.

The Freudian angle is pretty stark and only natural delicacy forbids our outlining it. She is saying "Yup" because otherwise he will hit her still.

(Concluded on page 46)



"The entire estate is left to 'Herbert'—now, which of you is 'Herbert'?"



## Grand Old Man of Scottish Song

Sir Harry Lauder, Laird of Lauder Ha'



*Lauder Ha', Strathaven, Lanarkshire*

● Sir Harry Lauder, for many years one of Scotland's most famous and popular figures both on and off the stage, was born in Portobello in 1870. Starting his career as a mill boy, later working as a miner, he turned his hand to many things before he discovered his vocation was the stage, where his gay, sentimental and witty songs (most of them written and composed by himself) have earned him fame all over the world. Sir Harry, whose son, Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed in 1916, has devoted all his energy in this war as in the last to the benefit of Service men and women, raising funds for war charities and playing in camps all over the country. Since the death of Lady Lauder in 1927, his niece, Miss Greta Lauder, has kept house for him



*With His Bust by Sir William Reid Dick*

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*



*His Son's Portrait by Mr. Cowan Dobson*



*By the Fireside With His Niece, Greta*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

with the fish and the piece of bicycle. Fifteen minutes' work would do it.

## Rebel

RUBBING his hands, rather prematurely, over the disappearance of the tramp from British roads, some desiccated prig or other seemed to think the tramp has disappeared for good. This is Maya, or illusion.

Even in the New Utopia there will always, thank God, be eccentrics who prefer being free men to being herded round with the State-ridden mob. Naturally, they'll always be punished by the State for this devilish choice, but that won't stop them. Our hope is that postwar British tramps will organise like American hoboes, who have a strong professional guild, run their own camps, and successfully defy all officialdom. Tramps live richer and more enviable lives than the little meek robots in bowler hats who trot to and fro with despatch cases. Their conversation is often stimulating and a mental pleasure. They may even have high spiritual qualities; a French tramp, Benoit-Joseph Labre, was canonised some time ago. They possess numbers of enviable secrets and their dreamy eyes are fixed on distant landfalls and far horizons. And the Scholar Gipsy is not a poetic legend. In Italy we once met a tramp of Oxford breeding who could quote Theocritus and Horace by the yard. We asked him why he preferred rags and leaky boots, and the wind and the rain to a comfortable, drowsy Fellowship, and he shuddered and said, "Who wouldn't?"

## Footnote

HE did not beg, but received money with easy courtesy. Nor was he tramping the roads because of some horrid scandal, or excess of drink, or any of the

usual reasons for which dons are thrown out of the stout bosom of Alma Mater. He was a tramp simply because he liked being free, and he had saved his pennies to go to Italy because sociological prigs are rare in that country. Perhaps at this moment he is stretched out in the shade in some sunny, exquisite Umbrian village unscathed by war, thinking a thousand delightful things.

The fortunate fellow. He made the rich (and us) look the biggest fools on earth.

## Arcadiana

ONE of the most harrowing pieces of fiction we ever encountered was about a little girl lost in a snowstorm who came at length to a signpost and found the arms were missing; so she wandered round and round in the snow and perished to slow music (off) like Little Nell, and the robin redbreasts hopped round and wept. We read this at the age of six and it shatters us now as then.

Down our way the signposts are now restored, and the bones of all you prancing City slickers who died miserably during the last four years in your pride and folly, assuming our railway station had something to do with the five-mile-away village it is called after, will probably be raked together before long and given to the farmers to grind for manure. We saw a few of you wandering desperately round distant woods and fields, but we naturally didn't hasten to put you wise, our traditional attitude in the Hick Belt being that we didn't invite you, we don't particularly want you, and you visit us strictly at your own risk. This is also the attitude of many sturdy hayseeds abroad. Nothing



"Yes, it was a bit of luck—not even singed!"

shocks and baffles the Island Race more than the absence of an obsequious welcome, we have observed.

## Warning

HOWEVER, the signposts are back, and if one or two turn out to be pointing the wrong way, that's just another of our little rustic jokes. Be careful, incidentally, not to wander over the border into Kent, where the aborigines may kill and eat you. Every since St. Augustine landed, the Kentish have been touchy about strangers who may be trying to wean them from their beastly habits. And beware, especially of old ladies in Tunbridge Wells; they practise the Afghan method with their knives.

## Poise

MR. CECIL BEATON, now in India, has been tremendously impressed, we observe, by the grace, dignity, and elegance of the Rajput women who carry bricks piled on their heads to build the American barracks at New Delhi. He could have found the same thing much nearer home.

The grace, dignity, and elegance of the Billingsgate fish porter, which are also due to carrying heavy weights constantly on the noggin, make the average Mayfair beauty look like a lame duck with neuritis. The Billingsgate boys have the rhythm of something off a Greek vase, and why neo-Hellenic aesthetes like Pater and Wilde and Symonds never made a song and dance over Billingsgate we can't imagine. Maybe the fish made them nervous.

Another thing about Billingsgate, we're told, is that if you mention to those boys how beautiful they are, the very next thing you notice is a brisk female figure shoving a cheque book under your nose. That would be the Lady Almoner. The figure in white behind her is the Night Sister. That squiggly thing over there is a Temperature Chart.



"He told me our tripartite agreement wasn't working out the way he'd planned, so he's off to see if Mrs. Parkinson of B Deck has been washed up on the other side of the island"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





Cyril Leeston

## “Age Cannot Wither Her, Nor Custom Stale . . .”

As Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, Vivien Leigh has one of the most intensely dramatic roles ever created for a woman. She will be co-starring in the part with Claude Rains as Caesar in the film version of George Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, now being made at Denham Studios under the direction of Gabriel Pascal. The author is taking great personal interest in the production, and has spent quite a lot of time on the set, his pungent comments being a source of inspiration to everyone there, from the most junior technician upwards. Vivien Leigh has not entirely deserted the stage for the screen. She plans to return to the theatre as soon as her work on *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is finished.





*Billy and Lindy Take Tricycling Exercise in the Courtyard*



*This Car*



*The Guinness's Home, Windlesham Manor*

## Lady Isabel Guinness and Her Children

Entertain Three Guests at Their Home,  
Windlesham Manor, Berkshire



*Lord John Manners with His Sister and Nephew*



*Major the Earl of Hardwicke and His Hostess*





*Came from Sicily Before the War*

● These pictures were taken at Windlesham Manor, home of G/Capt. Loel Guinness, O.B.E., M.P., and Lady Isabel Guinness and their two children, William and Belinda. Lady Isabel works hard three days a week—sometimes more—as a driver for the M.T.C. Her husband, a member of the Auxiliary Air Force, does not manage to get home very often these days. He has represented Bath in the House of Commons since 1931. Lady Isabel, the Duke of Rutland's younger sister, is his second wife; their marriage took place in 1936. Her brothers, Lord John Manners, who is in The Life Guards, and Lord Roger Manners, at present at Sandhurst, drop in at Windlesham Manor whenever their duties allow. Major the Earl of Hardwicke was also a visitor on this occasion

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*Lady Isabel Guinness and Her Two Children*



*Lord Roger Manners and the Children*



*The Children's Pony is Proud of Her Foal*





## Air Commandant Lady Welsh: Director of the W.A.A.F.

The Women's Auxiliary Air Force attained its fifth birthday a short time ago. During the anniversary week Air Commandant Lady Welsh toured R.A.F. units and attended birthday parades held in celebration. She received messages of congratulation from the Queen and the Duchess of Gloucester, who is Air Chief Commandant. Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, wrote on the occasion: "Working side by side with the R.A.F. at home and overseas, often in conditions of danger and discomfort, the W.A.A.F. has established for itself a tradition second to none among the women's services." Air Commandant Lady Welsh is the wife of Air Marshal Sir William Welsh, head of the R.A.F. delegation in Washington. She served in the last war with the F.A.N.Y. as an ambulance and transport driver. When the A.T.S. was formed in 1938, she volunteered for this Service, and in December that year was gazetted as a Company Assistant. In September 1939 she transferred to the W.A.A.F. with the rank of Squadron Officer, and in January 1943 became Inspector of the W.A.A.F., a post which she held until her appointment last October as Director of the Service, in succession to Air Commandant Trefusis Forbes.





Miss Cooleen Dwyer, Aubrey Brabazon, one of Ireland's leading jockeys, and Miss Ethne Dwyer saw Mr. P. J. Cox's Cardy win the Dublin Plate



Lady Nugent was there with her younger daughter, Gloria. She is the wife of Sir Walter Nugent, well-known owner and member of the Irish Turf Club



Poole, Dublin

### Racegoers in Ireland, at Baldoyle, Dublin

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice O'Connor brought their dog. Mrs. O'Connor was formerly the wife of Viscount Gormanston, killed at Dunkirk, and her son is the present peer

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

### Military Intelligence

GENERAL MONTGOMERY is taking a personal interest in the operations—"Normandy Correspondent." This astounding fact has been suspected for some time past; and we arm-chair warriors have thought that, in fact, he was running the whole show. From Fritsche, Political Director German Radio: "It is up to England to stop her bombing." Or else? Danke Schön "Hochwildegeboren" Herr, aber, as we have now the whip-hand, a fact which you know only too well, it is suggested that you save your breath to cool any kind of hell's-broth you may fancy.

### Plus and Minus

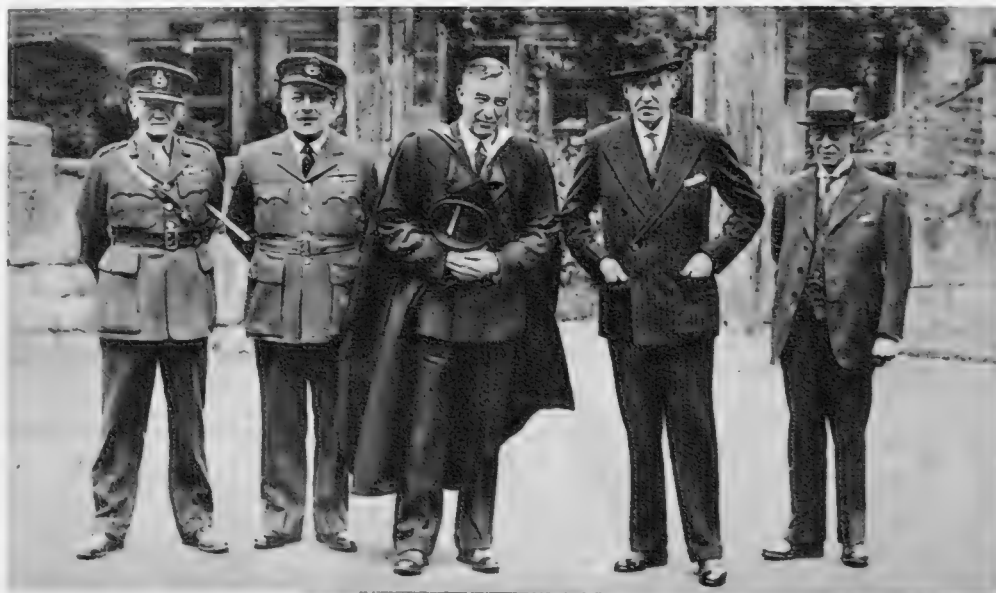
UNDER the former heading must be placed the engagement of the King's trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, to the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, née Rohays Burnett, daughter of that gallant officer, Major-Gen. Sir James Burnett of Leys, formerly Gerdons, and of Lady Burnett, an occurrence upon which the countless friends of the Master of Freemason Lodge have congratulated him. I here and now add my own, and suggest that this is indeed some compensation for the Persian Gulf disaster. Lady Zia Wernher's racing certainty pulled up a bit lame after a gallop. It is good news to learn that things are not very serious. It is also good to learn that it was the hard ground that stopped Fair Glint in the Derby and that better things are hoped for in the future. With Hycilla also in the Leger, Freemason Lodge must hold two very good cards. The latest Newmarket Benedick-to-be is a nephew of that great personality "The Squire of Bentley" (Mrs. Cheape), and thus a first cousin of poor Leslie, that legendary figure in the polo world, and of dear little Maudie Ellis, who rode so hard and so well, and was one of the few people who broke her neck and survived.

### "You Pays Your Money"

AND you can take your choice on or before Leger day, September 16th. For the benefit mainly of the chaps who are not here at the moment, here are the only quoted prices: 5-1 Borealis, 8-1 Ocean Swell, 8-1 Tehran, 10-1 Hycilla, 10-1 Happy Landing (a non-runner and quotation given merely for information), 14-1 Growing Confidence, 16-1 Rockefella, 16-1 Garden Path, 25-1 Mustang,

Orestes, Rameses, Fair Glint, Blue Moon, 33-1 Vigorous, and 50-1 Fair Fame, if you want it, but, personally, I do not. Hating to put people wrong, I am only going to record what "they" say, and then add a word or two about what I think, emphasising at the same time that neither is evidence. "They" say that Borealis is at a false price. I say "I wonder!" We have a line to Ocean Swell through the Lavenham Stakes 1½ miles at Newmarket, May 2nd. Result: Borealis, 9.7 (1); Martaban, 8 st. (2); Ocean Swell, 9.4 (3). Neck, half a length. Borealis, 8.12, also beat Happy Landing, 8.6, and Honeyway, 8.12, a neck and three lengths over one mile at Newmarket on April 18th. They say that his connections know that Ocean Swell stays. If this is so, then he should have won the Derby very easily, and not only by a neck, for surely, on the way that race was run, it was open to any real stayer to go out in front and lay the non-staying field out stone cold? I must reiterate that I do not consider the Derby form worth

(Concluded on page 52)



### Repton School Speech Day

M. E. Mooney

Lord Kindersley, himself an old Reptonian, and Chairman of the Governors for twenty-four years, distributed the prizes on Repton School Speech Day. Above are General Sir Douglas Brownrigg, who inspected the Junior Training Corps; W/Cdr. N. Roy Harben, Mr. T. L. Thomas, Headmaster of Repton; Lord Kindersley and Mr. Gerard Smith



# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

tuppence quā a 1½-mile gallop. No race run in bits and pieces can ever help us. The Derby, when you boil it down, was no better than a 6-furlong sprint. So what? I doubt the value of almost all the colts in it. Borealis may prove a dark invader, but I feel that he will have to go a bit to beat the Oaks winner, Hycilla. Times are often misleading, especially when taken on different courses, but here we have two 1½-mile gallops on the same course, same going, and on two succeeding days: Hycilla, 9 st., on June 16th, 2 min. 30 3-5th secs.; Ocean Swell, 9 st., on June 17th, 2 min. 31 secs., the latter being in a gallop which was not true. On the other hand, Hycilla's gallop was at a true pace all the way. She was in the fighting line all throughout, had absolute command half a mile from home, and won in a canter;



## Lord Mayor Signs on Cadets

Sir Frank E. Newson-Smith, Lord Mayor of London, enrolled Honorary Artillery Company cadets at Armoury House, Finsbury. He has himself been a member of the Company since 1896

if she had been pressed she could have cut that time. The record for this Suffolk Stakes course is 2 min. 29 3-5th seconds (Watling Street, June 13th, 1942). It is probable that Hycilla is the best three-year-old of the year.

## "Hills"

THE campaign has been marked also by great feats of physical endurance, outstanding among them that of Brigadier Fergusson's march over the mountains from somewhere in India to



## Captains of Eton and Harrow Cricket XIs

Henry Hely-Hutchinson, son of Mr. Maurice Hely-Hutchinson, M.P., captain of Eton's XI., is President of the Eton Society. He joins the Coldstream Guards at the end of this half

Thomas G. Jackson is to lead the Harrow XI. when they play Eton this week. He is a nephew of G. R. Jackson, the Derbyshire County player



D. R. Stuart

Indaw, a distance of no less than 300 miles as the crow flies, but, allowing for climbing and serpentine tracks—no less than 600 miles. It was completed in forty days."—The Times Assam Front Correspondent.

They are here speaking of real mountains compared to which the Alps are just hummocks. The "locals," with, as I have always thought, misplaced facetiousness, call them "hills." Since first I made personal contact with them and crawled up places where the gradient was 1 in 1½; I have found it difficult to regard them with any affection, or ever to want to see them again excepting through a telescope. Some Himalayan hills, if you can go up them as far as 7000 ft. in a train, or even in a tonga, a kind of flea-box on wheels, are delightful, and many, no doubt, cherish tender memories of that Venusberg, Simla, and even of "Monsooree Pahar," that Paradise of the H.B., but I am not now talking of that kind of hill, but of the thing in the raw, haunted, as I am fully persuaded, by all the evil spirits of the middle air.

## Mountain Warfare

It has always been difficult to understand why anyone who has ever seen hill-fighting can bring himself to go back to it. In Italy they have; also in Burma and Assam.

In the former, things are bad enough; for the "hills" in the latter there is no polite epithet. I do not remember the hills near the Appian Way, because I was only six months old when, with my father and mother and an Italian maid with the uncommon name of Maria, I was captured and held to ransom by some gentlemen who smelt of garlic and he-goat; but I do remember the other hills, and my sympathetic heart bleeds for the chaps compelled to do the scrapping. For instance, in the rains you cannot see the next mule ahead on the mountain "road"—a nasty ledge with a drop of at least 1000 ft.—maybe even more: all the hill-ponies prefer to walk on the very edge of this abyss because, having carried a pack from their earliest days, they know the unpleasant consequences which may follow bumping into the mountainside and getting thrown off their balance. Unloaded pack-animals, on the other hand, always hug the inside, leaving the other one for the ones with the loads. It is extremely difficult to preserve that Devil-may-care sangfroid when your off (or near) foot is hanging over a chasm full of swirling cloud, and to believe those who tell you that the pony knows a damn sight more than you do, and that it is "safest to leave it to him."

Incidentally, I am speaking of altitudes of 14,600 and 16,800 ft.!



## Malvern College Cricket XI. Beat the Old Malvernians by 52 Runs

Malvern College XI.: In front: R. N. S. George, J. S. Lloyd. Sitting: J. N. R. Pickstone, H. I. Jory (Captain), S. H. Wright. Standing: T. A. M. Goodman, C. W. R. Beeson, W. K. Shakespeare, A. R. Henderson, T. P. M. Hughes-Morgan, K. W. Mayne



The Old Malvernian XI.: In front: G. R. Cholerton, P. J. Horsey. Sitting: N. C. Partridge, J. A. Deed (Captain), J. W. Greenstock. Standing: E. Tate (Umpire), G. H. Chesterton, P. H. Walker, P. H. Welch, T. Thistleton-Smith, H. M. Sells, C. H. Silver

D. R. Stuart



"Away . . . Sea Boat's Crew": By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

To appreciate the niceties of boat drill you must know the difference between a "davit" and a "staghorn," and what is meant by "flemishing down a fall." The boat's crew of trainees in this picture are discovering that things do not always work out as laid down in the Admiralty Manual of Seamanship. The port sea boat has just been lowered from the destroyer in a manner which draws a stream of explosive comment from the Commander on his bridge. Meanwhile, the coxswain struggles with the tiller as a couple of unfortunate trainees get deeper embroiled with the boat's "falls" (the ropes from the davits), and, on deck, the "Stripeys" display that mixture of mirth and scorn bred by years of experience



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Silence

**P**UT OUT THE LIGHT" (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.) is a translation, by Cyril Connolly, of "Vercors'" long-short story, *Le Silence de la Mer*. The story's appearance in English, in this great June 1944, could not be better timed. Originally, it was published by the underground press in France; later, in French in London. Let the Preface to that edition (dated spring 1943) speak:

Those who are about to read this book should understand clearly its history and what it represents. It is not just by chance that it forms the first of the *Cahiers du Silence*. It was issued in France a few months ago as *Le Silence de la Mer*, through the underground publishing organisation which calls itself *Les Editions de Minuit*.

In writing this long-short story, the author, who hides his identity under the pseudonym of Vercors—he may be a well-known novelist, but whether known or unknown, he is assuredly a very great writer—has made his life forfeit. The man who supplied the money and the printing press, who found the paper at a time when the publishers with the best official backing and protection had none, that Frenchman made his life forfeit; and so have the composers who set the type, and the women who sewed the sheets, while all the time the black field-boots of the enemy tramped up and down in the street above them.

And above and beyond all this, it so happens that the work is a masterpiece. . . .

It is a masterpiece—most of all, of pity. *Put Out the Light* reaches us like a note wrapped round a pebble and thrown, in the darkness, over a high wall. Such a note one would unwrap, uncrumple, with hands trembling with excitement, scanning its contents with feverish eagerness. What do we find? That this French writer, using the name of "Vercors," has, like his country that speaks through him, graduated in suffering: this is the voice of someone older than ourselves.

The story itself is simple: it is told in the first person by an elderly Frenchman, a man of letters, who has remained, through the German occupation, living in his small, book-filled country house with his niece. They are somewhere not far from Rennes. A German officer is billeted on them. From the first, this German is more than merely "correct"; he shows an unexpected sensitivity to the awkwardness of his position with regard to them. Every evening, when the writer and his niece are sitting in the library, the officer not so much forces as inserts himself into their company, with a mixture of determination and diffidence, on the plea of warming himself by their fire. Wearing civilian clothes, he stares round the room with a look of curious hunger; he fingers the books—great French writers' works—on the shelves. Most of all, he talks.

The French couple answer him not a word.

Providing everything that their enforced guest must have, continuing their own lives in this house as though the intruder did not exist, they never once open their lips to the German, or even look directly at him. From the moment he enters the library, silence falls between the uncle and niece. This silence is the one proud answer of France.

## Beauty and the Beast

**I**NTO this silence, powerful as an element, the solitary German talks. He has learned to expect no answer. His monologue, evening after evening, is the statement of his aspirations, the history of his dreams. For he is obsessed with the Beauty and the Beast fairy tale, the idea that the roughness of Germany can be united, is now to be united, with the spiritual beauty of France. Hopes of this union—or, as he calls it, marriage—have justified for him war and invasion. France has been always his "princesse lointaine": he believes that the conqueror is, at the same time, a suitor. The flattering lie with which Abetz succeeded in seducing some French intellectuals is, to this one German, a religiously-held creed.

His good faith is not doubted by the two French people who hear him out in such relentless silence. They foresee, perhaps, its tragedy for the speaker. For tragedy follows. The German goes off to Paris, in high spirits, to join his fellow-officers there. He comes back changed, darkened, bitterly disillusioned. The final scene of *Put Out the Light* is, in its controlled way, too moving for comment here.

The old man, his niece, their house, with the tiled path round it and the cheerful kitchen,



Fred Daniels

## An Australian Prima Donna

Ruth Naylor, the well-known Australian pianist and singer, is one of the distinguished Dominion artists now in this country. She has been touring the country, giving her services at American Red Cross Hospitals and at Y.M.C.A. hostels. Shortly she hopes to appear in a new and original musical play on the London stage

and their daily, resigned, constricted existence in their conquered country, are realistic. One can smell his tobacco, hear the click of her needles, hear the rain drip outdoors and the meagre fire crackle. The German is placed, deliberately, on a different plane: he is non-realistic (in spite of the vividness with which his physical personality is described)—an almost

allegorical figure. Yes, he is one of those "good" Germans whose cause, from time to time, we hear pleaded. But France realises, and "Vercors" has expressed in this story, that to be good is, for a German, a tragedy in itself.

I feel, as I think I must have made clear, that *Put Out the Light* is a book that everybody should read—its Preface, signed only by two initials, being not its least noble part. English readers will also owe a considerable debt to Mr. Cyril Connolly, as the translator. The translation of French prose into English results, depressingly often, in a massacre; or, at the best, in mediocrity. Here we have rendered in English without a fault, the fine nervous simplicity of the original. The sentences ring naturally to the English ear: at the same time, the structure of thought behind them, the degree of their meaning, is essentially French.

## "Bright Emperor"

"**M**A WEI SLOPE," by Keith West (Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.), is a story set in China, at the time of the most famous Emperor of the T'ang Dynasty. It is compounded of peace and violence, poetry and a crystalline timeless realism, tenderness and a god's-eye view of human affairs. Winter

(Concluded on page 56)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"I CAN assure you," she told me earnestly, "there's nothing

silly like that." (Meaning love, of course.)

"It's only friendship. We understand each other completely." To which I answered aloud: "How very nice!" and cried "Pooh!" to myself. "Pooh!" is my usual mental reaction to a protestation of friendship—just friendship—between a man and a woman. You see, I wasn't born yesterday. I have watched these so-called friendships. They meander along as cool as cucumbers until one of the partners gazes in the direction of an outsider and thinks in terms of romance. Then this friendship blows up sky-high, as if it had been hit by a bubble-plane. And the one left behind is always the one who realises that in his, or her, case it has subconsciously been love all the time. As, of course, it has. It only needed the spark of jealousy to blossom.

Bosom friendship cannot share any more than love can. We have, indeed, to be over seventy before the one who once was very nearly all-in-all can resign himself, or herself (really the English language is occasionally a nuisance), philosophically to being merely the one to whom the other comes back to when he, or she, feels like it.

The fact is, I simply don't believe in the platonic theory of friendship between the sexes. Intellectual attraction may suffice on the surface, but there has to be a suspicion of physical attraction as well. I don't suppose anybody has as yet ever

By Richard King

revealed the secrets of their lives and longings to someone who outwardly

appeared to them to be revolting. Happily Nature, in her justice, has decreed that the outward characteristics which revolt one are considered by another to be three-parts lovable. So it all works out somehow in the national interest. But a certain physical pleasure there has to be before love and friendship is born, whether it be between the sexes or between members of the same sex. And it is strange how easily one becomes jealous of bodies, whereas unfaithful minds merely cause disdain rather than dismay.

Therefore I said "Pooh" to myself when the woman assured me that between herself and the man in question only the most perfect friendship existed. Of course, "Pooh" didn't describe my feelings towards the friendship; it merely described my feelings towards the declaration that "there was nothing silly like that in it." Very occasionally they might walk hand-in-hand. But there would be no kissing and that sort of thing.

Gossip there might be, but you know what people are. Nothing wrong was ever likely to happen between them. Nevertheless, if she learnt he was in love with a girl back home she wouldn't like it. And there would be moments when she would ask herself uncomfortably if, when her husband returned from abroad, life together would ever be quite so happily placid again. "Pooh!" then seemed to me to describe the situation very well.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Thicknesse—Salmon**

Lt. Ralph Thicknesse, The Yorkshire Hussars, elder son of the Dean of St. Albans and Mrs. Thicknesse, and Miss Pamela Joan Crundall Salmon, only child of Canon and Mrs. D. M. Salmon, of The Rectory, Streatham, S.W., were married at St. Leonard's Church, Streatham



**Stanford—Sharp**

Lt. John Macdonald Stanford, Parachute Regiment (late 6th Rifles), only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stanford, of Myland Lodge, Colchester, married Miss Mary Josephine Sharp, of Trout Hall, Jamaica, at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



**Bodenham—Jackson**

Capt. Peter J. Bodenham, R.A.S.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Bodenham, of Weybridge, and Miss Vera Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, of Edware, were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



**Alsop—Hankey**

Lt. Stewart Johnnot Oliver Alsop, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Alsop, of Avon, Connecticut, U.S.A., married Miss Patricia Barnard Hankey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hankey, of 60, Pont Street, S.W., at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens



**Cooper—Cooper**

Major Richard Philip Cooper, Glider Pilot Regiment, second son of Sir Richard and Lady Cooper, of Shenstone Court, Berkhamsted, and Miss Eileen Frances Cooper, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Cooper, of Hertcombe, Kingston, were married at St. Peter's, Berkhamsted



**Bell—Fincastle**

Lt. Follett Bell, R.A., son of the late F. N. Bell, of Buenos Aires, and of Mrs. Bell, of The White House, Danbury, Essex, married Viscountess Fincastle, widow of Capt. Viscount Fincastle and eldest daughter of the late Lord Wyfold and of Lady Wyfold, of Sarsden House, Oxfordshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Frisby, Lincoln**

**Smith—Pearson**

F/Lt. A. J. W. Smith, R.A.F., of High Wycombe, Bucks, and Miss Sheila Pearson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Pearson, of Coventry, were married at St. Peter in Eastgate, Lincoln



**Gouby—Young**

Lt. Robert Gouby, D.F.C., Fighting French Air Force, and Miss Idina Young, only daughter of Major C. D. Young, R.A., and Mrs. Young, of 245, Park West, W., were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 42)

Pauline Tennant, Hermione Baddeley's attractive daughter; Miss Celia Johnson lunched with a party. In Kensington, Strindberg's *Lady Julie* is the latest production at the Chancery Theatre; in a neighbourhood where Miss Ann Todd (Mrs. Nigel Tangye), soon to be seen in *Wuthering Heights*, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding, and Miss Eileen Joyce all live within a few doors of one another. The stark drama of the young lady who hangs about the servants' hall, and what happens to her, is an excellent antidote to war worries.

At the May Fair, Isabel Deane dropped in for a quick lunch before going on to the Open Air Theatre, where she is now appearing. She was in her Air Raid Warden's uniform, and had been at her Post in the Haymarket for two nights. Isabel Deane is the niece of Cdr. Dudley Colles, R.N., Secretary to the Privy Purse, and when John Gielgud commences the autumn season of *Love for Love* at the Haymarket, she is to play Angela Baddeley's part. Having lunch with her, also in Civil Defence uniform, was Mrs. John Steel. Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Mrs. Steel's father, joined the party, and near by at different tables were Lord Robert Alness, Lord Bingley and Lord Rennell.



Pearl Freeman

## Mrs. P. M. Miller

Miss Jane Thornevill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Thornevill, of Haynes Farm, Cophorne, Sussex, was married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy to Capt. Peter Maplestone Miller, Suffolk Yeomanry, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Miller, of Cleadon House, Co. Durham

## Wedding Plans

Just before going to press, news has come through of the engagement of the Duke of Sutherland to Mrs. Clare Dunkerley, and it is probable that before this issue is on sale the wedding will have taken place. Mrs. Dunkerley is petite, vivacious and very charming. She and her sister, Mrs. Sidney Emmanuel, must be two of the most attractive women in London. Before her marriage to Major Vincent Dunkerley, who is now second in command of a regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps fighting in Normandy, she was Mrs. Shakespeare. She has a daughter by her first marriage and a son by her second.

Before the war, the parties given by the Dunkerleys at their Regent's Park home were well known. Unfortunately, the house was blitzed in the early days of 1940, and soon afterwards Mrs. Dunkerley took a cottage on the Duke of Sutherland's estate. The Duchess of Sutherland died last year; she was Lady Eileen Gwladys Butler, a daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanesborough.



## Golfer's Widow Remarries

A recent wedding, celebrated at Bognor Regis, Sussex, was that of S/Ldr. J. Carwood, R.A.F., and Mrs. Rex Hartley. The bride was the widow of the well-known golfer.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

Cherry, one of the Emperor's "palace girls," the weary "Bright Emperor" himself, his favourite the Lady Yang, Li Po, China's greatest poet, Li Po's nephew, Ah Lai, who is Winter Cherry's lover, and Han Im, the eunuch—these are the central figures.

Eighteen-year-old Winter Cherry, taken away from life in her country home to languish among the chatter of the rest of the palace girls in the Pepper Rooms, is, at first, a figure of childish unhappiness. Slipping out into the garden from the Emperor's chamber, after an honour against which her spirit rebels, she arouses the somewhat capricious pity of Li Po and Han Im. The poet, still suffering from a succession of hangovers, and the eunuch, disgruntled with Palace life, resolve to escape to the country, to seek an *alfresco* existence of conversation, leisure and poetry. They take with them Winter Cherry, disguised as a boy, and the poet's nephew, who is to drive the horses. For young Ah Lai, already ripe for adventure, the expedition gains charm from the presence of Winter Cherry.

The arrival of the quartette at a Poets' Village, pleasantly set on a hillside, is delightful. They are, however, a little taken aback to find two other poets already in possession, accompanied by two young ladies of pleasure, Honeysuckle and Clear Rain. The unconvincing boyishness of Winter Cherry rouses more curiosity than she likes—moreover, her family's home is not far from here, and she learns that her father, as the local squire, has been invited to dinner that very night. A girl who leaves home to join the Emperor's household is understood to have broken all other ties, much as though she had entered a nunnery. But Winter Cherry's nostalgia has never come to an end.

## Loyalty

MEANWHILE, events have been moving fast: the long-expected rebellion has broken out—for the Emperor's prestige has been undermined by a succession of court intrigues, and by his own neglect of affairs of state owing to infatuation with Lady Yang. The Emperor and his favourite are now fugitives; and as such they arrive—the Lady Yang in advance—at Winter Cherry's home, to which she has found her way back. Lady Yang, on whose beautiful head now falls the wrath of the Emperor's army, is to pay a high price for her too successful reign: her family have already been put to the sword. Winter Cherry, learning of the favourite's impending fate, plans to put on the Lady Yang's clothes and to suffer death in her stead: she cannot bear to think that the Emperor, already despoiled of his glory, should lose his beloved. Winter Cherry's tender and almost religious loyalty to the monarch, from whose caresses she had run away, is one of the loveliest things in *Ma Wei Slope*. Steadfastly, for a long time, she refuses Ah Lai's love (driving him to seek consolation elsewhere)—not for her, she feels, is the happiness due to ordinary girls, for Winter Cherry "belongs to the Emperor." The ultimate happiness of the young couple only comes to them as an Imperial gift.

Han Im, forgetting his Palace grievances, also rallies to the forsaken Emperor's cause. . . . We have a picture of Winter Cherry's home life, in the Chinese hillside manor inside its walled demesne, whose gates are slammed when a traveller comes into view in order to be thrown open with greater flourish, still more hospitable effect. The grandfather, the parents, the two young sisters, and the somewhat lumpish brother, who is sent off into the country when too charming lady visitors come to stay, but who returns, alas, to meet an untimely end owing to the fascinations of Honeysuckle—these compose a group of which one cannot hear enough. In a way, *Ma Wei Slope*, with its lengthy action, historic background, and vivid, intimate scenes, is a miniature *War and Peace*.

## "We'll be Back"

"LAST FLIGHT FROM SINGAPORE" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.) is a great book—the story of a fight to the last inch. Its author, Arthur Gerald Donahue, D.F.C.—from whom we have already had *Tally Ho!* and *Yankee in a Spitfire*—was one of the first Americans to see action with the R.A.F. There will, alas, be nothing more from his pen, for he failed to return from patrol from a Channel base: his death is officially presumed to have occurred on September 11th, 1942.

He left behind him, in the manuscript of *Last Flight from Singapore*, an outstanding contribution to war literature. Not one of these young fighter pilots' books resembles another: each bears the stamp of a different temperament, different reactions; different streams of thought. In Arthur Donahue's case, one is struck most by the quality of uncritical compassion for human nature. His picture of his evening returns, during one desperate period, to the super-de-luxe Sea View Hotel, Singapore, with its idling civilian inhabitants, is, for instance, amazing. If the pink-gin-drinking "old grouch" of the hotel verandah, who attempts to evict "the boys" from the hotel swimming-pool, survives to read these pages, he may at least blush. Donahue flew to Singapore in January 1942, just before the mainland was abandoned for the final defence of the great base. Badly wounded, he finally left Batavia in a home-bound hospital ship—"sad . . . and spiritually very tired."

Darkness had set about our ship now, but in a few hours it would begin to get light again. Another kind of darkness was settling over all the Far East, but in a few months, or a few years . . . ?

I stood up and started for the stairway, and at the top took a last long look at each of the two coastlines, very dark now against the sky.

I thought to myself: "We'll be back."

These are the book's closing words, and also, I feel, the message that Donahue would most want us to keep. Surely he and his fellows will be in some way present at the Victory towards which they fought.



## Half Nelson?

Go up top! But, seriously, advertisements are so small nowadays that there isn't room for more than half my face. You notice, however, that my pipe's in the picture and it's filled with **FOUR SQUARE**—grand tobacco, pure naturally mellowed leaf with no artificial scent or flavouring. Six blends to choose from, four Virginias, two Mixtures, and a guarantee in every tin or packet.



# FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. • PAISLEY • SCOTLAND

# Jaguar



*The finest car of its  
class in the world*



S.S. CARS LTD • COVENTRY



There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear. But they will repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD. • DUDLEY • WORCESTERSHIRE

CVS-126



Thin jersey tweed has been used to make this very practical dress with its matching short coat.

This sort of outfit grows and grows in popularity. It is the perfect answer to our uncertain climate. In winter, spring, summer and autumn there are always days when it is just right. In lime green, £22 17s. 9d. (Dress 11, coat 12 coupons.) At Frederick Gorringe

## THE SERVICEABLE TWO-PIECE



Photographs by  
Conolly



Another variation of the two-piece—equally useful—is the dress and matching long coat. In this case, the dress is of soft angora material, the coat of a matching jersey tweed. In navy, wine and beige, the outfit costs £30 4s. 3d. (Dress 11, coat 18 coupons.) At Frederick Gorringe



## Relaxation

Few rows of knitting, an hour with a book, a game of cards . . . the relaxation out of which good war work is impossible. And a few minutes a day for Gala. soft, creamy long-lasting lipstick gives an air of holiday to the hardest work, of gaiety to the briefest leisure.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN



GALA LIPSTICK 5/3 . REFILLS (FIT ALMOST ANY CASE), 2/11  
GALA FACIAL CREAM, 5/3 . GALA POWDER, 5/3

GAY

*Prints*



A smart printed frock is a useful addition to the wardrobe, serving for many occasions both summer and winter . . .

We have an attractive collection from which we illustrated this youthful and charming design in a gay floral print, with original skirt drapery and soft bow at neck. Hip sizes 36, 38 and 40 ins. (7 coupons) From **£13.14.8**

(Model Gowns—First Floor)

*Debenham & Freebody*  
LANGHAM 4444. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE teacher had a lot of clerical work to do, so she placed her hat in front of the class of six-year-olds, saying: "Now, children, I want you to look at my hat, and write some nice little sentence about it."

The class set to work, and were silent for quite five minutes. Then a face appeared at the teacher's desk, and Edward's voice was heard:—

"Please, miss, are there two b's in shabby?"

A YOUNG barrister, proposing a vote of thanks to a well-known physician for his address to a luncheon club, spoke in glowing terms of the speaker's persuasive eloquence, and added: "Had our distinguished guest chosen the law as his profession there would have been many more men alive than there are today."

The applause with which these words were greeted suggested that few had detected the double meaning.

AFTER a race meeting a sad-eyed man approached a nearby bar and moodily asked for a punter of beer.

"A punter?" exclaimed the barman. "That's a new one on me. I know pots and schooners and butchers, and other names that come and go, but what is a punter?"

"A big mug!" exclaimed the customer.

AN army outfit was stationed in Mexico near a town noted for its beautiful girls. It soon became obvious that the señoritas, none of whom spoke English, would have nothing to do with noncoms. But they gladly dated the privates.

An ingenious Spanish-speaking private, it turned out, had informed the girls that each stripe on an American uniform represented a marriage. A corporal, for example, was twice married, a sergeant three times. Furthermore, each service bar on the sleeve represented a child.

The privates had one helluva time—all except several old army men. The girls avoided them like rattlesnakes—plenty of service bars and no stripes!

THIS story comes from Vichy:

An enormously fat man passed down the street and two friends looked thoughtfully after him. Said the first: "How fat he's got!"

"No wonder," said the second. "He's lived solely on potatoes for several months."

"Impossible! Does he eat them?"

"No, he sells them!"

A GERMAN soldier of the occupation army in Rotterdam left his trunk on the platform of the railway station. Coming back two hours later, he discovered that the trunk had vanished. He began to complain bitterly of the dishonesty of the Dutch. A Dutch railwayman consoled him:—

"That's nothing at all. I was at the Potsdamer station in Berlin the other day and, so as to be on the safe side, I left my luggage in the cloak-room. When I came back the next day, not only my luggage but the whole station had disappeared."

A BRIDE had four umbrellas given to her as wedding presents (this is a pre-war yarn!), and decided she would change one of them, the gift of a Scots friend, for a walking-stick for her husband.

She took the umbrella to the shop whence it came, and asked that it might be changed. The assistant said she was afraid it could not be done.

"But why?" asked the bride. "The name of your shop is on the label."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but that's a label for re-covering."



Elsie and Doris Waters on Tour in India

Elsie and Doris Waters have recently completed an ENSA tour of India and the Burma front. At New Delhi they were entertained by General Sir Claude Auchinleck and Lady Auchinleck. The C.-in-C. India is seen above with Lady Auchinleck, Elsie Waters, Sir Richard Peirse, Doris Waters, Mrs. A. L. Goddard, Bobby Alderson (pianist) and, seated in front, Mrs. Dillion

"I HAVE meant to ask you for a long time—what has become of our old friend, Greenways?" asked the first man.

"Well," replied his friend, "the last time I saw him he was just off to take the cure at Harrogate."

"Gosh! And to think I knew him when he took bicarbonate of soda!"

"DIDN'T you see me coming up the lines?" asked the officer, angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied the recruit from the village on his first sentry-go.

"Well, then, why didn't you call out, 'Who goes there?'"

"Why, sir, I've known you since you was a kid."



MAXIMUM  
PRICES  
PER BOTT. 25/3  
HALF BOTT. 13/3

GI. BRITAIN & N. IRELAND ONLY

# This is the Gin

— BY APPOINTMENT TO



H.M. KING GEORGE VI —

# Gordon's

## Stands Supreme

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



IN  
Royal Seal  
SUITING

IAN MEREDITH LTD. (Wholesale only), 29, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.



The traditional appeal of Minton China is no more to be explained by telling the story of its making than is the 'Mona Lisa' by reference to its pigments or its canvas. Sufficient that breeding, taste and culture have appreciated the captivating charm and excellence of 'Minton' for a hundred and fifty years.

## MINTON

*The World's Most Beautiful China*

MINTONS LTD. STOKE-UPON-TRENT. EST. 1793

Whenever I see  
hands in a stocking,  
I think:

"Ah—

Aristoc!"



Sigh no more, lady. The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible wartime stockings—*Aristoc Utility*—and a few *Raystoc* and *Aristile*. Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



Enquiries:  
Nicoll Clothes  
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE  
W.1



Agents in West End:

## NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

TEL.: REGENT 1951



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Photos and Frames

AVIATION is a subject on which, as yet, knowledge is not widespread. The consequence is that it lends itself to photography. The photographs of a new aircraft, or of a formation of aircraft, of cloud effects, of aircraft interiors, are all sufficiently novel to attract for their subject's sake. I take it that this fact was behind some of the Academy efforts. But there is another, less satisfactory aspect of the comparatively widespread ignorance of aviation and that is that takes are much too readily passed off as untouched pictures. Most of us remember the argument about one photograph which was published during the Battle of Britain. But long before that there was a violent argument about some photographs which were said to have been taken during the war of 1914-18 and which were received by flying men with the greatest scepticism.

The photographic frame-up is much too easy when the subject is aerial. Not long ago in my own paper I printed side by side two photographs of an American aircraft. They were identical in every respect, with the shadows falling in exactly the same way and every point repeated except one. This one difference concerned the wing marking of the aircraft. In one photograph it was American, in the other British. I was extremely annoyed when I was sent these photographs because I was misled into publishing one of them thinking that it was untouched. I therefore named the agencies in my paper and challenged them to send me an explanation which I promised to print. Nothing has happened to this day.

## Public Conscience

I SUPPOSE the fakery would reply that the public does not care two hoots whether its air pictures are real or fake so long as they look dramatic. I cannot agree. I think that any agency or photographer who sends out for publication an aviation picture which has been altered without stating the fact is guilty of most undesirable practice. Often it is impossible to state with certainty that a photograph is a fake even when the internal evidence is fairly good. For instance, I

remember seeing a photograph of a German aircraft crashing, with some piece of scenery in the foreground, a tree or post or building, and with an Allied fighter in the top part of the picture. It was stated that the photograph showed the shooting down of the German machine. Now if one worked on the known dimensions of the German machine and the British, one was led to conclude that the fighter was only about 50 ft. behind the bomber, with both of them less than 300 ft. from the ground and the fighter still going down in a near-vertical dive. I am told by an expert photographer that a genuine photograph showing this scene might have been obtained. I will accept that; but is the scene itself possible? Could any fighter in the world follow a crashing bomber at 50 ft. range to within 300 ft. from the ground in a near-vertical dive? I leave the answer to common sense.

Photographs of the power bomb have been distributed fairly widely and we have had some showing it just about to hit the ground, the bomb being nice and clear and showing all the details which appear on the official silhouette. I myself have taken a picture of a flying bomb as it went overhead, I am hoping that when it has been developed and printed it will be good. But I should be amazed if it provided me with a good silhouette of the bomb though it was taken at high speed with a good camera. My inference from all this is that photographs of aerial events want a good deal of scrutiny in these days before they can be accepted as entirely untouched.

## Design

THE principle of design progress, I take it, is that it is always possible to do better than people have done in the past. In the past they may have done



Major and Mrs. A. D. Houston, married in Cairo in May, 1943, are now back in this country. Major Houston is the younger son of Capt. and Mrs. Houston, of Coverwood, Eghurst, Surrey, and his wife, who is a Flight Officer in the W.A.A.F., was Miss Mollie Nutting, and is the daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Nutting, C.B.E., D.S.C., and Mrs. Nutting, of Walton-on-Thames

well, but knowledge accumulates, skill increases. So no matter how good an aircraft may be, it is likely that if its function is studied afresh, an improvement will be found possible. There ought to be scope for a better Spitfire, an improved Lancaster, and so on.

Yet when one looks at Army equipment one wonders if the principle of perpetual improvement is accepted at the War Office. For instance, the steel helmet imposed upon British soldiers far and wide, and not only British soldiers, but also British Civil Defence workers and many others, is so poor a piece of design that it ought to have been superseded years ago. The American and the German helmets are better, but they also might be improved upon if only somebody would examine the matter as an engineering problem of today. The first trouble with the British helmet is that its centre of gravity is too high. The consequence of this is that it is unstable and that there is a

tendency for the man to avoid wearing it when he can. The centre of gravity ought to be lowered and the helmet made to be comfortable. The whole theory of the dish design was to deal with high velocity fire in trenches, when there was a chance of deflecting the bullet if it met the helmet at a flat angle. But the Civil Defence worker does not expect to meet falling anti-aircraft shell fragments at a flat angle. In short the steel helmet as now issued and worn by British personnel is completely out of date.

Another instance of the failure of design to keep pace with knowledge and experience is the soldier's water bottle. I am told that it has not altered in shape for years, and that it is just as impossible to clean properly today as it was during past campaigns. I hope someone who has followed these problems will let me know why we refuse to give designers a chance



# Haig

**NO FINER WHISKY  
GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE**



## Normandie Hotel

Restaurant and Buttery. Tel.: KEN. 1400  
KNIGHTSBRIDGE. S.W.7

**LUNCHEON and DINNER  
DANCING  
to the GREGORY QUARTET 7.30-11.30**

Terms On Application



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

EVER since the war began we have largely specialised in the fine tailoring of officers' uniforms for the Allied Fighting Services, and our materials, cut, style and workmanship have earned consistent approval.

When — may it be soon — we are able to resume our specialisation in civilian and sporting outfits, we hope to earn an equal satisfaction by providing clothes of unimpeachable style and character at a price-range which will notably endorse their value.

## Bernard Weatherill Ltd

MILITARY, CIVIL AND SPORTING TAILORS—BREECHES EXPERTS

55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

11 BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM

and at Aldershot, Camberley, Richmond (Yorks.), Newark, Hove, Douglas and Harrogate

**Ciro's**  
CLUB  
LUNCH  
DINNER  
COCKTAILS  
Noon—3 p.m. 7 p.m.—12.30 a.m.  
Enquiries to The Secretary, Orange Street, W.C.2.

Telephone Whitehall 6966

Dancing to  
MAURICE  
WINNICK  
and his  
Orchestra

Restaurant Manager:  
PETER RATAZZI





★ **Vitabuoy**

Life-Saving  
OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau**

Military and A.R.P.  
TRENCH COATS

★ **M**UCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once

**Vitabuoy Products Ltd.**

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1.

Telephone: BISHOPSGATE 6565

**Jacqmar**  
PROPAGANDA SCARVES

The newest designs including  
"Into Battle"

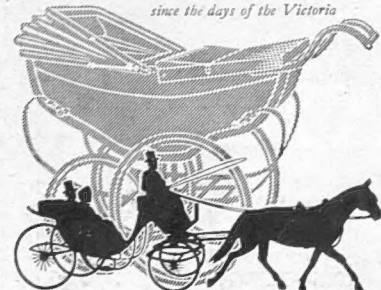
which bears the badges of all the regular regiments of the British Army—are now obtainable at most of the highest class Stores throughout the Country.

**Jacqmar**

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1.

EASILY THE BEST

since the days of the Victoria



**OSNATH**

THE PRAM WITH THE FLOATING MOTION

The elite Baby Carriage since 1873. One day to return in all its splendour for the benefit of Babyhood  
ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.  
No. OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON  
In the meantime we are producing one only  
Austerity Model No. 99, Price £10.10.0



**You can still have Barley Water, Madam**

says OLD HETHERS

"The war has stopped me putting my Barley Water in bottles, but you can easily make it yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. Directions are on the tin, and it's as simple as making a pot of tea. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruit, or jam."

Barley Water from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
'Patent' BARLEY



**KERFOOT'S**  
MEDICATED  
PASTILLES

embodying the  
manufacturing  
experience of  
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS  
CATARRH • ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

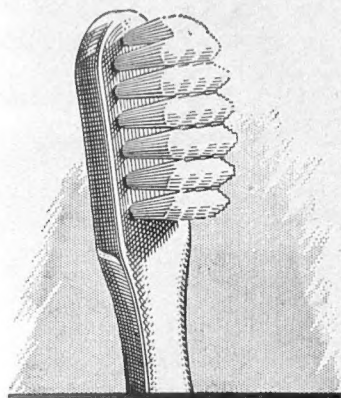


The County Hotel, Rothbury, has an old world setting in a glorious borderland vista. Fully licensed. Hot and cold throughout. Appointed by R.A.C., A.A., and Veteran Motorists.

THE  
*County Hotel*  
*Rothbury*  
NORTHUMBERLAND

Full tariff on application to the Manager  
Telephone & Telegrams: ROTHBURY

# EVERYBODY WANTS A...



# Tek

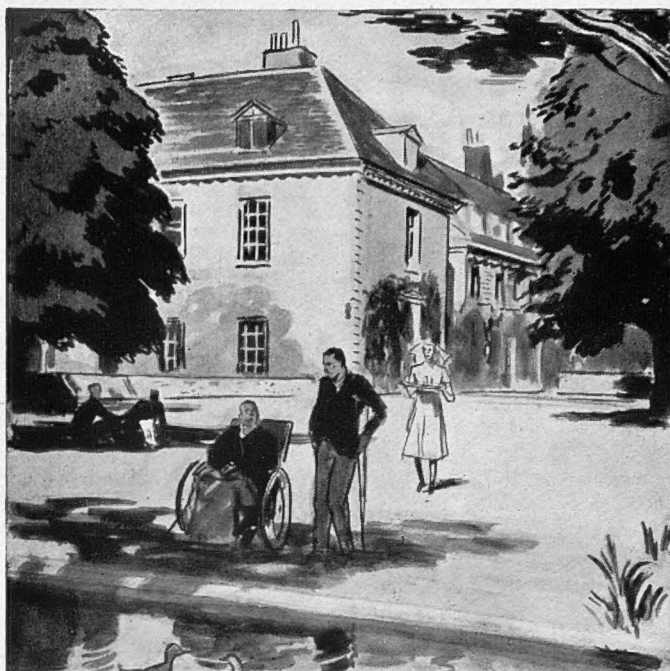
## TOOTHBRUSH

The strictly limited supplies are being fairly distributed—but disappointments are unavoidable.

### SO DON'T BLAME YOUR CHEMIST

BRISTLES: 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.  
NYLON: 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
(Gt. Britain) Limited, Slough & Gargrave T.15



When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

IF IT'S  
**Phillips**  
IT FITS



Makers of tailored Skirts,  
Slacks, Shorts, Suede  
Coats and Costumes

From good shops and stores everywhere

PHILLIPS & CO., 12 Princes Street  
Hanover Square, LONDON, W.1  
(Wholesale only). Phone: MAYfair 4482/3

# RAILWAYS—



—VITAL IN WAR  
Essential in Peace

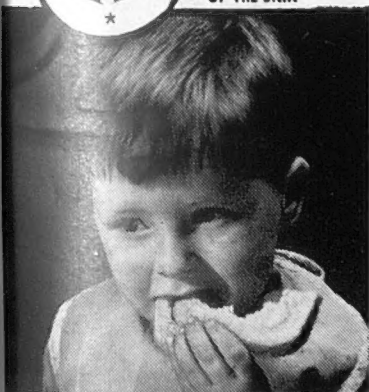
BRITISH  
GWR · LMS



RAILWAYS  
LNER · SR



FOR PROTECTION  
OF THE SKIN



In the interests of National Health

always wash  
his hands before  
meals with

**WRIGHT'S**  
Coal Tar Soap  
1 tablet - 1 coupon



**Valstar**  
"777"  
Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE  
QUALITY AND  
DESIGN

In normal times the best shops  
have "VALSTAR". Supplies are,  
however, now strictly limited.

J. MANDLERBERG & CO. LTD., PENDLETON · MANCHESTER  
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR



*What, no Placket!*



No lady, *no placket*, not an opening of any kind for undergarments to peep through. The "ZWOW" pocket is the answer to the conundrum. It replaces the old fashioned placket, and gives you a neat waist fastening with no buttons or metal gadgets to protrude and spoil the "line" over the hips. In short, another reason for your insisting upon "GOR-RAY" Skirts. Drapers and stores stock them in a variety of styles.

All the better for the **'Zwow'** Pocket

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

**GOR-RAY**  
*Skirts*

LOOK FOR THE  
'GOR-RAY'  
LABEL ON THE  
WAISTBAND

Scientific